Londons Destroyer DETECTED; AND DESTRUCTION LAMENTED:

OR,

Some Serious Ruminations, and Profitable Reflections upon the late Dreadful, Dismal, and never-to-be-forgotten CONFLAGRATION.

Wherein is briefly comprehended several things considerable, in order to *LONDONS* present Recovery, and future Prosperity.

Psalm. 46. 8. *Come, behold the Works of the Lord, what Desolations he hath made in the Earth.*

Lam. 1. 1. *How doth the City sit solitary that was full of People? How is she become as a Widdow, she that was great among the Nations, and Princess among the Provinces.*

Vers. 9. *Her filthiness is in her Skirts, she remembred not her latter end, therefore she came down wonderfully.*

Chap. 3. 40. *Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord.*

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London, Printed in the Year, 1666.

LONDONS DESTRUCTION:

AND

DESTRUCTION LAMENTED:

OR,

Some serious Admonitions, and Examples Recommended to the Consideration of all Persons, but more especially to the Inhabitants of LONDON present and future.

Written in prose and verse by a Lover of his Country.

LONDON, Printed in the Year 1666.

Londons *Destroyer Detected, and Destruction Lamented, &c.*

HEarken, *O Heavens*, stand amaz'd, and be
Astonished, *O Earth*, to hear and see
The *wondrous works* the Lord hath lately shown,
To make his *Justice* and his *Power* known:
Call an Assembly now, of *Old* and *Young*,
And take th' assistance both of *meek* and *Strong*:
Consult with, and examine *Rich* and *Poor*,
And see who can declare the like before.
Consider Soul, who e're thou art indeed;
If nothing yet hath made thy heart to *bleed*:
Me thinks, here's something now might make it *sore*,
And make thee *mourn*, till thou canst mourn no more.
If thy heart be not like to *Flint* or *Steel*,
The thoughts of this will surely make thee feel.
Oh! wo is me! Alas, What shall I say?
Let every Soul *bewail* this *woful Day*:
Let every *dry* and *barren heart* lament;
And more then this, let *Sinners* all repent:
Yea every one that can but shed a Tear,
Now show your *grief*, and learn the Lord to fear.
But what's the news some *sleepy Soul* may say,
That thou complainst thus of a *dreadful Day*?
What is the cause, thou dost so strangely speak,
And seem to *grieve*, as if thy heart would break?
Why dost thou stir up people now to *weep*?
Thou dost disturb me, for I fain would *sleep*.

Thy *startling words*, I cannot well indure;
Wherefore leave off, and let me sleep secure.
Oh wonderful! Is any yet so blind!
And wofully besotted in their mind,
To live within the Borders of this Nation,
And ask a *Reason* of a *Lamentation*?
Such men as these, do make *one Reason* more;
And add another to the former store.
But hark a little, *sleepy Soul*, I pray,
Be sure to mind what I have yet to say;
Rouse up thy self from *sleep* and search about,
And thou mayst quickly find the Reason out.
Open thy eyes, and thou mayst plainly see,
That *Wrath* and *Ruine* doth encompass thee.
The *Mighty God* hath lately been at *Work*,
And hath amaz'd both *Christian*, *Jew*, and *Turk*;
Yea, *all the World* hath cause to be afraid,
To think upon the *Ruines* he hath made;
The sound whereof, hath gone both *far* and *near*,
And *many thousands* have been fill'd with fear,
To hear and see, what *woful Desolation*,
The *Lord* hath lately made in this our Nation.
We plainly see, what Work the *Lord* can make,
Who in his *Anger* can whole *Kingdoms* shake:
Nations *confounds*, and Cities *overthrow*:
Alas, poor *England*, thou hast found it so.
But oh my heart even *bleeds* to think and tell,
What unto *London* lately hath befel.
London, I say, *Englands once famous City*,
The Lord hath strangely *Ruin'd* without pity.
Yea, *London*, lately *famous* for *Renown*,
The *Righteous God* hath thrown it headlong down.

The *stately Buildings* of the same are *burnt*,
And all its *Beauty* into *ashes* turn'd.
Yea *London* once the *glory* of the *World*,
Is *sadly* now into *confusion hurl'd*.
The large and *famous* structures of the same,
Are *buried* in a strange *devouring flame*.
Let *England* mourn, for *all the World* admire,
To think how *London* was destroy'd by *Fire*.
Oh *fearful flame*, how matchless was thy *rage*,
No less than *London* could thy *fury* swage?
How *terrible* was thy *devouring* face,
To spoil *great London* quite in *three days* space?
No *Tongue* can tell, no *Pen* can fully write,
How *strangely* thou didst *thousands* fore affright,
And *drive* them from their setled dwelling places,
And *swallow up* their Goods before their faces.
How didst thou make *all sorts* of people *fly*!
How strangely didst thou make them *run* and *cry*!
How didst thou make them wring their hands, & *mourn*,
To see their *Houses*, and their *Treasure burn*!
Yea *sick* and *lame*, thou didst turn out of Door;
And many that were *Rich*, thou mad'st them *Poor*:
Thou mad'st the *lofty-minded* fear and quake,
To see what *dreadful havock* thou didst make;
Both *great* and *small* thou sorely didst *perplex*,
Without regard to *Age*, *Degree*, or *Sex*.
And nothing could thy *raging* power shun,
Till thou hadst *famous London* quite undone:
The *Mart* of *Nations*, and the *Kingdoms Pride*,
In *Europe* was not such a place beside.
London's destroy'd; Alas, Who can deny it?
Oh that our hearts were made the better by it.

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Alas,

Alas, poor *London*, is it thus indeed,
What *heart* so *hard*, that will not *weep* and *bleed*,
To think upon thy *sad* and *wretched* state,
And how the Lord hath *plagued* thee of late?
Oh that *THOU* wouldst but think upon it so,
As to remove the *cause* of this thy *woe*.
Let *grief* and *sorrow* seize upon thy hearts
Let *mirth* and *gladness* from thy Soul depart,
Not altogether for thy dreadful fall,
But for thy *sins*, which is the *cause* of all.
Thy *sins*, thy *sins*, have made thy *sufferings* large,
Who can declare the *greatness* of thy *charge*?
Oh that thou wouldst but once perswaded be,
To *ruine* that which hath so *ruin'd* thee,
Break off thy sins, or else be sure to know,
The *Righteous God* will never leave thee so;
But certainly will *greater Vengeance* take,
Unless thou *timely* dost thy *sins* forsake.
If thou from *judgements* therefore wouldst be freed,
Thou must *repent*, and turn to God with speed;
Or else thy *sins* will still increase thy *sorrow*,
Till thou art made like *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*.
However thou mayst *yet* my *counsel* slight,
The time will come, when thou shalt know 'tis right.
Thou hast had many *Warnings* fairly sent,
From *God* and *Man*, thy *ruine* to prevent:
Yea *oftentimes* thou hast been told in *love*,
That *sin espoused* would thy *ruine prove*,
And by *experience* thou hast found it so,
Yet *still* in *sin* thou more and more dost grow.
Thou often hast been *soberly* advised;
From time to time thou hast been advertised,

By

By ſuch as ſought thy *welfare* moſt of all,
And through thy ſins did clearly ſee thy *fall*;
But thou from time to time didſt take upon thee,
Moſt *ſtubbornly* to caſt their Counſel from thee:
Yea for their *love*, thou haſt *abus'd* them ſore,
And for their *kindneſs* thou haſt ever ſin'd the more;
Inſtead of *kindly* ſeeking of their *good*,
Thou *wickedly* haſt rather ſought their *blood*:
And none have been ſo *cruelly* rewarded,
As *thoſe* which have thy *welfare* moſt regarded;
Whilſt thoſe have kindly entertained bin,
That publickly have *taught* thee how to ſin;
And *ſtill* thy ſins do more and more abound,
Though *vengeance* hath and doth beſiege thee round.
Almoſt in every Corner, Street, and Place,
Prophanneſs full appears with *open face*.
What ſhall I ſay? Oh that I did but know
How to prevent a *further Overthrow*:
How would I *Beg*, and *Crave*, *Intreat*, and *Pray*,
If that would make thee caſt thy *ſin* away;
Becauſe I know thou muſt more *righteous* be,
Before *Gods anger* will be turn'd from thee.
Mark what I ſay, Thou muſt of *ſin repent*,
Or elſe in *ſorrow* full thou muſt *lament*;
The *Wrath of God* will never let thee reſt,
Until thou doſt thy *wickedneſs* deteſt.
Alas, poor *London*, I am *pain'd* at *heart*,
For thy *paſt*, *preſent*, and thy *future* ſmart.
Yet once again, O *London*, I will ſee,
And try how *Counſel* yet will work with thee.
Conſider, God hath *Anger* yet in *ſtore*,
And for thy *ſins* can *plague* thee *ſeven times more*.

His

His *Power* none is able to withstand;
Nor hide themselves from his *avenging* Hand.
His strength is great: Who can declare the same?
The Lord, the Lord *Jehovah* is his Name.
Remember how the *noysome Pestilence*
Did lately *rage*, and hurry *thousands* hence:
And fill'd the *Earth* with such a *slaughtered* store,
The like was hardly ever known before.
The *bloody Sword* hath also *thousands* slain,
Which in the *Bowels* of the *Sea* remain.
And *thou thereby* hast lonely been *oppress*:
Within thy *Borders* none could live at rest.
But *most of all*, before thou dost remember,
The *fatal stroke* thou hadst but last *September*.
Let all these *strange Disasters* greatly move
Thee now to make thy *peace* with God above.
Implore his *Grace*, and for his *Mercy* cry;
Whom thou by *sin* hast made *thy Enemy*.
Forsake thy *sins*, and *utterly* abhor them;
Humble thy self, and crave his *Pardon* for them.
The Lord may yet consider thy *distresse*,
If *this* be done in *Truth* and *Faithfulness*;
And thou mayst be a *place* of *praise* once more,
And *flourish* as thou hast done *HERETOFORE*.

E. N.

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